

A regular fellow, Graves is still
Classical; and The Curtains Now Are Drawn
On the Oxen's happy Hardy.

So that leaves Yeats, again, and just
As well he's alone: who could sing,
Bellow, whisper, and beautifully moan.

-- Lee Jacobus

Danbury, Conn.

The Magician

“When poor children are shown coins
they later recall the coins as much
larger than they really are: rich
children do not make the same error.”

Tell me three wishes never gained,
I will show you three Goliaths
likely of these things made;
of flesh, of gold, of bread
and something more that has no name.
Your need is a glass that magnifies
and wanting is a mirror
as you see reflected here
behemoths for your pleasure:
of bread, flesh, gold -- and something more.
Lead out the giants and I will read
your fortune in their palms,
in strange coins great and small
of gold, bread, flesh and shadow
that nameless form that holds them all.

-- Joanne de Longchamps

Reno, Nevada